

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society



MISS DOROTHY ARKWRIGHT.

SUSAN, DEAR: What a time I did have in New York, to be sure, in spite of rain and sleet and a gusty wind. Not having been there for many months, I found the tall buildings like a new world, and enjoyed myself to my heart's content. Moreover, in spite of taking the trip on the spur of the moment, I managed to see all my friends, and a real treat it was.

I lunched with Dorothy McCombs, and found her looking well and very smart in a simple cut tailored suit of covert cloth, with a sand-colored belt. The McCombs are stopping for the nonce at the Marie Antoinette, and are house-hunting on Long Island. They plan to take a place with grounds at Great Neck or one of the other charming sections near New York, and Dorothy tells me she is delighted with the idea and most anxious to be settled in her own home.

May Adams and Mrs. Merryman were two more of the pleasant people I saw. They have spent the last two months at the Vanderbilt, but rather expect to come to Washington for Christmas, and then to California, perhaps, or somewhere South. This much is certain, Miss Adams will not re-open her house this winter. She owns that attractive little graystone house between the Ghent and the Louis Lehrs, and next but one to the Butlers' fine new home, and it seems quite a shame to have the blinds up in the midst of that gay season.

With Miss Adams and Mrs. Merryman for a little while was Nan Young, sometime of Washington, but now living in Philadelphia, on hand to meet her brother, Jim Young, who got in on Sunday from abroad. Jim has been vice consul at Genoa for some time, and is now on vacation.

At Jean Sawyer's place, "The Persian Garden," now quite "the" place in New York, I thought I saw Edith Clarke, but it turned out to be quite a different person. Truly, it seems she has a double. Edith is still in New York, though I did not see her. But, hush! who I could have on forever about the people I saw and the things I did. I'll have some pity on my reader and desist.

The diplomatic set, which protests that it is "really doing nothing, you know," is, as a matter of fact, keeping madly from Washington to Philadelphia, from Baltimore to New York, trying to patronize all the benefits, lest the folk who get them up grow weary of unappreciated well-doing, and New York has been the chief magnet for the diplomats of late.

The Russian Ambassador and Mrs. Bakhmeteff attended the big Russian fete held not so long ago; the Macchis de Cellere went up for the charity ball for the benefit of the Italian Hospital and are now in New York for this evening's performance at the opera, which is for the same charity, and Count von Bernstorff and the Dumbas are helping to open the big bazaar for the benefit of the German and Austrian victims of the war, which begins today and is to last for several days. And each, in turn, has felt impelled to show his interest in the horse show, which is this year under quite different management from those of past seasons, and is for the benefit of the American Red Cross, working in all three countries.

The Jewerands and the Kakhmeteffs, who have been here so long, and Madame Havelth, who has such strong Washington ties, have been drawn into many benefit functions here, which do not touch Lady Spring-Rice so closely, being, as a rule, not specifically for the British. Indeed, the only place where she has appeared in public at all this season was at the recent symphony concert, where she was a guest in Mrs. Hunt Slater's box.

These symphony concerts seem to be practically the only place where you see the allies' representatives and those of Germany and Austria at the same time. The German ambassador has his box, as usual, and the other envoys from the warring countries are usually seen in some part of the house, though, of course, not in the same parties.

When Carl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, arrived this fall after the usual "refugee" difficulties in getting over, he was greeted with open arms and all sorts of congratulations from the management and members of the orchestra. When he suggested that the first New York Orchestra concert be given as a benefit for the German Red Cross, the management most cordially agreed. "Why, yes; that's a good idea. We can very well afford to do that. And then we can have one for the Belgian sufferers, and one for the allied Red Cross work. But Herr Muck didn't see it that way. His face lengthened. He withdrew his offer. He quite understood the meaning of the phrase, "too much of a good thing."

In these horsey days, when one is interested in the Red and White Cross shows up in New York, Dudley Field Malone is telling a good story of an experience during the polo games last summer, which he confesses rather "jerked" him. He owns to having had seats on the more select stand among the "plutocrats" where they cost at least \$5 per, and regards the bits of conversation that drifted his way as punishment for his extravagance. First from alongside, as the players came on the field and were vigorously applauded from the other stand, where the poor or sensible were content to sit at \$3 per, while his own stand maintained a dignified calm, came a sweet, rather third voice, "Isn't it strange, Harold, how much more enthusiastic the people are than we? Have you noticed?" A little later, from just behind him, where a very wealthy young man was sitting, he heard her tell for the first time of her eleven-year-old son, who she believed that even the children of the wealthy ought to be taught the value of money, so she had decided to put the boy on an allowance, and limit his expenditure. "We held a family council about it, you know, and we were really all agreed that it would be wise to hold him down to rather a limited income. So now — is it to have only \$500 a year, and he's simply got to live on that?" Mr. Malone admitted it in a more than a hint to learn that a fifteen-year-old boy had to keep within \$500 a year, which is exactly what Uncle Samuel pays him for a year's work and responsibility as collector of the port of New York. Poor old, how DO you suppose he does it?

Here's my new picture of Dorothy Arkwright—she's a darling—taken in the frock she wore when she was maid of honor for Maitland Marshall, now Maitland Knapp. Dorothy, who is Mrs. Marshall's niece, is spending the winter with her, while General Marshall is in the West on an inspection trip. Incidentally, Mrs. Arkwright thinks Dorothy not quite old enough to make her debut, so thought her best away from Atlanta, where the Arkwrights, the Colquhans and their kin are the center of all things social. Here Dorothy is keeping up with her studies and is only supposed to go out in an informal way, but she is a very popular young person, is constantly invited and I understand Mrs. Marshall has to beat the boys off with a stick, so the heart of the Colquhans and their kin are the center of all things social. Here Dorothy is keeping up with her studies and is only supposed to go out in an informal way, but she is a very popular young person, is constantly invited and I understand Mrs. Marshall has to beat the boys off with a stick, so the heart of the Colquhans and their kin are the center of all things social.

The debutantes have been racing up and down the tier of Eastern coast cities helping one another to "debut" at a great rate. Louise Kiss has been in New Haven all week, Frances Moore visited in New York and Philadelphia, Elizabeth Wiley is in Philadelphia for the beautiful dances which her uncle, James Austin, gave Friday at the Merion Cricket Club in her honor and in compliment to Mary Clayton, a Philadelphia bud; and Frances Williams is so continually on the go that one never knows where to find her.

And no less are girls from all over the country participating in the parties of our Washington buds. Elizabeth Hamilton has two charming guests with her, Mildred Carter, of Philadelphia, and Genevieve Brouseau, of Chicago; Dorothea Owen has a house full of attractive girls, who were in her receiving party, Misses Virginia and Helen Palmer, both from Pennsylvania, and Elizabeth Harlan, "of Chicago"—though heaven knows the Harlans are pretty thoroughly of Washington nowadays—was in the heavy of pretty maids receiving with Elizabeth Wiley.

The swaggar stick is the thing with the ladies, or better still, the mannish cane with the curved handle such as our brothers carry. Elena Calderon is sporting a very knobby stick, which she calls "Elizabeth Double," carries a polished beauty picked up in London, and many of the smart girls carry their sticks as regularly as they do their muffs. I have managed to resist the lure of the cigarette case, but fear I shall not be able to withstand the walking stick.

Never in my life have I seen so many orchids as Francis Williams carried at Mary Wheeler's coming out to tea, and, at that, I learn that they were only the remains of a bouquet of roses, blue, mignonette, carnations and other quaint old-fashioned garden flowers, it looked for all the world as if it had been "lifted" from a colonial print. And Mary Wheeler belonged in the picture.

Speaking of bouquets reminds me that one of last week's debutantes carried a bouquet of flowers, her father's gift, which was an exact replica of the one that sent her mother for her own coming out party back in the eighties. Maria Diopel was over from Baltimore, the first time I had seen her for several years, and it was ever so sweet

to see the three little schoolmates fore-gathering at the coming out tea party of one of their number and gossiping over the festive time they all had in the German, the joy or despair of every Baltimore girl.

The other morning I was on my way downtown when Mary McCauley, or I should say Mrs. Herbert Howard, entered the car. It was the first time I had seen her since that day, a few weeks back, when I thought her about the most charming little bride ever. She looked adorable as she tripped into the car, wearing a smart suit of dark blue broadcloth, with a small black beaver hat. The suit was made along the lines, and the little hat, with its one tailored bow of some sort of French blue metallic ribbon on the side, was just what she needed.

A recent letter from San Salvador brings me news of the engagement of Paula, Miss daughter of the former Minister from Salvador and Senora Dona Frederico Mejia, to Henry F. Tennant, secretary of the American Legation at San Salvador, and consul general also. They have already told their friends of their approaching marriage, which is to take place within the next six months.

I am sure you remember Paula—Pauline was her given name—quite a belle during her father's tour of duty here. Mr. Tennant hails from Buffalo, and is a Cornell graduate. He practiced law for a while, then entered the Diplomatic Corps and served some time in Mexico before going to his present post.

The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall surely covered a great deal of ground on their recent trip. They were just four weeks touring the country, and spent each night in a different town, the Vice President making speeches continually. Mrs. Marshall tells me they went from Illinois to Oklahoma, back to Illinois, then to Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, and the New England States, a very extensive tour, and they were at home just a few days in the whole time.

I have heard such pleasant things of Mrs. Winston Churchill, who is one of the most interesting of the newcomers to Washington. She is a handsome woman, tall and distinguished, and has a very charming manner. Moreover, her husband is distinctly likable, in addition to being a sensible and a real acquisition.

Ann Jenkins, who is visiting Professor and Mrs. Philander Claxton, is a typical "fashionable" Southern girl, dark of hair and eyes, with a bit of a drawl. Her sister, Harriet Jenkins, used to visit Mrs. Claxton, who, she says, "married her off." She is now Mrs. Edward A. Garlock, and makes her home in Washington. Ann, who will divide her time in Washington between her cousin, Mrs. Claxton and her sister, is much interested in the famous International Cotton Reception, which the Southern Society of Washington will give on the evening of the eleventh, for the Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan.

Pretty little Anne Gordon, Mrs. George Barnett's eleven-year-old daughter, has written a book. A charming little story, called "The Adventure of a Little Girl," with the advent of a little girl into the life of a crusty old bachelor, it is really an unusually attractive bit of prose and a quite remarkable achievement for a youngster.

Mrs. Barnett tells me that the general is inordinately proud of his small girl and has had her maiden literary effort published in the most attractive manner. As a Christmas gift book, it is dedicated to her mother, and was given to her as a birthday present. Also it seems the little lady hopes to sell a goodly number of her pretty story and to devote the proceeds to the Red Cross.

American ambassadors and more especially in Mrs. Reid, widow of Whitehall Reid, learned with interest of her departure for England for the double purpose of spending Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. John Ward, at the latter's beautiful home in Park Lane, and of taking an active part in the relief work in behalf of the wounded. One of the leading members of the American Red Cross, she will represent this organization in England and France, and secure for it full recognition than it has hitherto received. She is particularly qualified for the task, not only because of the experience which she has obtained through the numerous philanthropic enterprises founded and maintained by herself and by her father the late Oden Mills, but also through the wide acquaintance which she enjoys in both England and France as former American ambassador in Paris and London.

Mrs. Reid has led a very quiet life since the death of her husband, dividing her time between her beautiful place in California, her Westchester country seat and her camp on the upper St. Regis in the Adirondacks. Her existence might have remained almost unnoticed were it not for the frequent mention of her name among the lists of large contributors to charity. Her great house in Madison Square, just opposite to the residence of Cardinal Farley, has remained closed and with blinds drawn, ever since she went into mourning two years ago. It has been opened only on three or four occasions, when she has placed it for an afternoon at the disposal of the organizers of some charitable entertainment.

The Louis Lombards, who were driven from their European home by the war, are interesting additions to Washington and are being much feted. Mr. Lombard is as much at home on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. Born in Lyons, France, he is a naturalized citizen of this country, but makes his home in Europe, where he entertains Americans most royally. Always there is music and sometimes there is opera, when intimate friends and others gather at the great Chateau de Trevano at Lugano. Mr. Lombard was educated at the National Conservatory at Marseilles and took a course in Columbia Law School. Among his many activities in various fields was the foundation of the Italia Conservatory of Music. Madame Lombard was Miss Maud Allen, daughter of Congressman Allen, of St. Louis.

At the Alexandria German the other night I met a most interesting young man "name of Fairfax," as the saying goes, who turned out to be no less a person than the brother of the American Lord Fairfax, who has figured so much in print. Lord Fairfax, it seems, has now taken up his home in London, and has been formally installed in his seat in the house of lords. The Fairfaxes, by the way, are cousins of Roscoe Dulany and Elizabeth Dulany Herbert, or "Mittie," as she is familiarly called. All of which reminds me of the new tea room in Alexandria, which is attracting so much notice. Kitty Steele Barrett—she is the daughter, you know, of Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett—Mittie Herbert, and the old Carlisle mansion, where George Washington received his first communion, is the scene of the new enterprise. The house is worth the price of admission itself. It is very old, is built around the still older Braddock house, one of the first mansions built in Alexandria. I remember the girl who first showed me over the house, pointing to the lovely colonial stairway and saying: "This is where George Washington met his first defeat. Here he proposed to Betty Fairfax, and was refused."

A recent letter from San Salvador brings me news of the engagement of Paula, Miss daughter of the former Minister from Salvador and Senora Dona Frederico Mejia, to Henry F. Tennant, secretary of the American Legation at San Salvador, and consul general also. They have already told their friends of their approaching marriage, which is to take place within the next six months.

I am sure you remember Paula—Pauline was her given name—quite a belle during her father's tour of duty here. Mr. Tennant hails from Buffalo, and is a Cornell graduate. He practiced law for a while, then entered the Diplomatic Corps and served some time in Mexico before going to his present post.

The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall surely covered a great deal of ground on their recent trip. They were just four weeks touring the country, and spent each night in a different town, the Vice President making speeches continually. Mrs. Marshall tells me they went from Illinois to Oklahoma, back to Illinois, then to Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, and the New England States, a very extensive tour, and they were at home just a few days in the whole time.

I have heard such pleasant things of Mrs. Winston Churchill, who is one of the most interesting of the newcomers to Washington. She is a handsome woman, tall and distinguished, and has a very charming manner. Moreover, her husband is distinctly likable, in addition to being a sensible and a real acquisition.

Ann Jenkins, who is visiting Professor and Mrs. Philander Claxton, is a typical "fashionable" Southern girl, dark of hair and eyes, with a bit of a drawl. Her sister, Harriet Jenkins, used to visit Mrs. Claxton, who, she says, "married her off." She is now Mrs. Edward A. Garlock, and makes her home in Washington. Ann, who will divide her time in Washington between her cousin, Mrs. Claxton and her sister, is much interested in the famous International Cotton Reception, which the Southern Society of Washington will give on the evening of the eleventh, for the Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan.

Pretty little Anne Gordon, Mrs. George Barnett's eleven-year-old daughter, has written a book. A charming little story, called "The Adventure of a Little Girl," with the advent of a little girl into the life of a crusty old bachelor, it is really an unusually attractive bit of prose and a quite remarkable achievement for a youngster.

Mrs. Barnett tells me that the general is inordinately proud of his small girl and has had her maiden literary effort published in the most attractive manner. As a Christmas gift book, it is dedicated to her mother, and was given to her as a birthday present. Also it seems the little lady hopes to sell a goodly number of her pretty story and to devote the proceeds to the Red Cross.

Mustin, is visiting her while Commander Mustin is in Turkish waters, attached to the North Carolina. Mrs. Barnett is but recently returned from a visit to Philadelphia and a flying trip to Baltimore, where she spent the first of the week to the Monday Gorman. The Wallis is one of the most attractive of the Baltimore debutantes and is a niece of Mrs. Buchanan Merryman, as well as a cousin of Mrs. Barnett. She is being much feted in Baltimore and will doubtless have many a good time this winter at the commandant's house at the Marine Barracks.

It is growing late, but I must tell you at once about Florence Schneider's wedding—I am just come from there—and a little of the news of the week.

The wedding was lovely. You'll doubtless read in the papers that "the Church of the Covenant" was the scene of a brilliant wedding on Saturday evening, when Miss Florence Schneider, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin T. Schneider, became the bride of Thomas G. Forney, formerly of Coshocton, Ohio, but now of this city.

Everything was couleur de rose, the church was decorated with quantities of pink roses, palms, and southern smilax, the bride's attendants were gowned in shades of rose even to the small flower girl and cushion bearer, and the bride's mother wore a handsome gown of rose broadened pink crepe, with the entire bodice of rose point lace, and a corsage bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley.

A program of organ music preceded the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Dr. Charles Wood, pastor of the church. Mr. Murray, organist, played the wedding marches. The bride was given in marriage by her father, and looked charming in a gown of rose even to the small flower girl and cushion bearer, and the bride's mother wore a handsome gown of rose broadened pink crepe, with the entire bodice of rose point lace, and a corsage bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley.

The bridesmaids who wore dainty frocks of pink Georgette crepe with touches of silver lace and cape of silver lace hung from the shoulders and carried pink roses, entered the church from the two sides of the chancel, led by the maid of honor, the bride's sister, Ethel Schneider, on one side and

the two small girls on the other. They walked down the aisle to the church door, where they were met by the ushers and preceded the bride and her father up the aisle. The attendants, in addition to the maid of honor, were Marie Adams, Miss Anna Forney, Miss Charlotte Hunter, Clara La Follette, Miss White, Adelaide Foster, of Toledo; Fritz Pierce, of Richmond, and Mrs. W. N. Richardson. Little Evelyn Gordon, who carried a white satin pillow for the bride to kneel upon, and Doris Wagoner, who was flower girl and carried a basket of pink roses, were gowned alike in pink tulle frocks with overjuniors of pink tulle.

The ushers were Edward MacNichol, of Princeton; Edward Rheem, Roger White, Jack Murphy, Barrett Galloway, Webster White, Maunsel Mills, Joseph Morgan, Clifford White, Van Fenne, and Franklin Schneider, Jr. Frank Rowland, of Ann Arbor, was best man.

At the reception at the Cairo, which followed the ceremony, the bride couple received on a raised dais in the drawing room and supper was served in the ball room. There was music by a stringed orchestra, pink roses were used in profusion, and the evening was a success everywhere. Mrs. Frank Forney, the bridegroom's mother, and his sister, Mrs. G. Forney, wore white gowns and corsage bouquets of violets.

After a while the bride and bridegroom slipped away for their wedding trip. Mrs. Forney traveling in blue cloth gown trimmed with black moire, a seal ring with emerald collar and muff, and a civet banded hat. They have taken an apartment in the Cairo and will return there after a fortnight or so. I think they will have to rent half the hotel to hold their wedding presents.

Clarine Hunter has a very attractive girl visiting her, Helga Haupt, of Philadelphia and Paris. A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Haupt, she made her debut in Philadelphia two seasons ago and spent last winter in New York, with a trip to Bermuda in February. Clarine has visited her several times, and in September was a member of a very charming house party, which Helga gave in her home in the Egypt Mills Country Club, in Pennsylvania.

Helga was also the guest of Betty Thompson at the Grafton for a little, before going to stay with Clarine. That pretty little person is entertaining constantly in an informal way for her visitor and gave a dance in her honor and in compliment to Florence Schneider last evening.

The Congressional set is back in town; the Congressional Club, in its new home bids fair to be the center of much social activity this winter—and so it goes. On the whole, though, there is plenty doing, and conditions are "as chaotic as clothes." Can one say more? Yours with best love, JEAN ELIOT.

The House of Quality The Specialty Shop With the Exclusive and Practical Gift Things



Gifts of real merit. Such lasting and appreciated things as Suits, Coats, Dresses, Furs, Skirts, Waists, Millinery, etc. Apparel that every woman may be proud to own.

Street and Evening Dresses. \$19.50 \$25 to \$35 values. Choice.

Crepe de chine, chiffon, charmeuse, satin and combinations of satin and serge. Many styles, showing the very newest effects and trimming; all sizes; evening shades and staple colors. Sale second floor.

See Post for Special Fur Coat and Fur Set sale.

Gift Suggestions

Salt's Plush Coats, fur collar and cuffs, \$25 value	\$19.50	Fitch and Seal Fur Sets, \$40 value	\$29
\$1.69 Silk Petticoats	95c	\$1.95 Coat Sweaters	\$1.45
\$3.00 Silk Waists	\$1.95	Lingerie Waists	\$1.00 up
35c and 40c Ribbons	19c	Flowers	25c up
\$4 Marabou Muffs	\$2.95	\$5 Marabou Muffs	\$3.95
Children's Hats	50c up	Buttonnieres	25c up

Christmas Special in Trimmed Hats that are \$10, \$12.50, and \$15 values, offered now at \$5.00

Through recent special purchases of the very latest shapes and trimmings, we have prepared a large collection of finest Turbans and large brim hats for afternoon and evening wear, all the new colors as well as white, trimmed with fruit, flowers, fur, ostrich. Sale 1st floor.

Special, All the New Turban Shapes—White, black, and all colors. \$3 and \$4 values. \$1.95

Mayer Bros. & Co.
937-939 F St. N.W. No Branch Stores



STEINWAY
And Other **PIANOS**
—PLAYER-PIANOS—
Victor Victrolas and Records
E. F. DROOP & SONS CO.
1300 G Street

Greeting Cards, Christmas Booklets and Calendars
Our Christmas stock includes an almost unlimited assortment of dainty and exclusive Xmas gift novelties, in paper, leather, brass, ivory, and glass.
Special attention is called to our large and exclusive collection of Greeting Cards, Christmas Booklets, and Calendars.
R. P. ANDREWS PAPER CO.
727-729-731 13th Street N. W.

Open Evenings
Flowers for Christmas
—Expressive and appropriate as gifts
—Indispensable for home decoration
Flowers enhance the joys of Christmas with their beauty and fragrance. Gude's fresh-cut, home-grown flowers and beautiful blooming plants make the most acceptable gifts and are best for home decorations. All orders carefully filled and delivered promptly.
Gude's American Beauties
Are the Largest and Finest Roses Grown. Priced According to Length of Stem.
Also other Roses, especially pink, in nine different shades.
Begonias, \$1.00 up. Full Bloom—According to Size.
Azaleas, \$1.00 up. Full Bloom—According to Size.

GUDE BROS. CO., 1214 F Street N. W.
Phones Main 4278-4279-3057

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
SECTIONAL BOOKCASES
The Ideal Christmas Gift
Globe-Wernicke Bookcases are made in many styles and finishes to suit the color scheme of different interior trims.
The Globe-Wernicke Co.
1218-1220 F STREET